

EXTRACTS.

NIGHT.

Low sinks the flaming orb of day, and wide
The sunset gates on golden hinges swing,
As Daylight through them glides on golden wire,
With Eve and dusky Twilight for sole.
Calm Nights lies gently down the bick of gold
That streaks for 'er the purple mountain heights,
And soft the stars look out from azure gold
To wander o'er the radiant fields of light.

Queen Nature slopes and smiles amid her dream,
As steals on stately Eve's serried train,
While soft the moon bright gilds the silent stream
And dools with silver-light the dreamy land.
As sleeps the world, the moon takes heavily wing
And with the stars goes wandering.

Cuthbert T. Usury.

ODDITIES OF THE INDIAN CENSUS.
The census returns (says the *Post*) show an aggregate of over three thousand professional "acrobats" in the North-West Provinces and Oudh. There are one thousand one hundred "actors," one thousand "ballad singers," one hundred and forty-six "curees by incantation," thirty-three "gamblers," ninety-seven "snake charmers," fifty "match makers," four "poets," ten thousand "singers and dancers," four "story-tellers," seven "thieves" (not including persons returned as household servants), and some professionals whose ancestors were probably among the Catilinarian retinues. Three classes of persons are worth a separate numerical quotation. There are over seven millions and a half cultivators of the soil. The landholders number nearly ten thousand. As intimately connected with both of these classes we may record the number of *mahajans* or money-lenders—nearly forty thousand.

TRAGIC EPISODE.

The long and prosperous career of Flotow, the composer, who died last month, was temporarily clouded in 1854 by the death of his younger brother, which took place under painfully dramatic circumstances. He was rather what is euphemistically called a "wild" fellow; and a practical joke which he perpetrated in a half-drunk fit was taken as an insult by the whole body of the Mecklenburg deputies, of whom he himself was one. A dozen challenges ensued, and De Flotow agreed to meet any single antagonist selected by lot. This, as it happened, turned out to be a certain Count Z., one of the deputies who resented the offence most keenly. On De Flotow's asking him if he thought a stupid fool worth fighting about, and receiving an emphatic answer in the affirmative, "Be it so," he said; "and if you attack as little value to life as I do, we will fight in the American fashion—I striking my life against yours in a series of five points; the loser to blow out his brains in twenty-four hours." The proposition was agreed to, cards were brought, and the two men commenced their terrible game. The score stood at four points on each side, when Count Z. turned the king. "You have won, sir," said young De Flotow rising. "I will pay before noon to-morrow." Next day he slept till eleven. After breakfast he took a turn in the facade of the ancestral mansion, after which he hid his face in his hands for a moment as if weeping. He then pulled out his watch; it wanted but five minutes of noon. M. de Flotow entered his study. At twelve precisely the report of a pistol shot the window-pane. He had punctually killed himself.—*St. James's Gazette*.

BURMESE SUPERSTITIONS.

The Chinese hill tribes that man has three sons, and these are satisfactorily disposed of. One appropriately and conveniently remains in the grave, another takes up his position in the ancestral bower, and the third comes about in the spirit world and not necessarily upon earth. Many of the hill tribes are fond, as in India, of giving their dead child a dog, or (by due of prayers and supplication) the departed soul of an old and experienced person as a guide, that the infant wanderer may not miss his way on the path to the spirit world. For this reason it was that the Mongolian sent slaves to accompany their dead princes. The Chinese, however, have a more humane idea. They believe that since it is likely that the dead man will be unable to find his way safely to the world of spirits, and may as probably as not stray from the right path, the kings of the underworld furnish him with a little devil to act the part of guide and servant to the newly disembodied spirit on its journey. The Poles used to have a notion of a similar kind, though they, like the Chinese, did not display it in such an unpleasant way for survivors. It was their custom to lay bears claws in the grave, to serve the dead man as hooks with the help of which he might climb the great glass mountain. According to the common notion among the Karenas, the dead remain an "phu-phu" in the world of Ptu, under the sovereignty of the great King Thosu or Thosu, the occupations which they had followed while yet as mortals upon earth—a curious hint at the caste system of the Hindus, which has no place with the Karenas while they are alive. Some of the tribes are so impressed with the dangers that may come upon them through departed spirits that they destroy their villages when the death of a grown-up person takes place, just as many negro tribes do with the house in which the dead man lived. It is, of course, a very simple matter with them where the houses are mere walled shanties, that can be restored a day's time, by a moderately industrious man. Where the houses are all of a better and more substantial character, or where the community is fairly numerous, it is generally found quite sufficient to purify the house with the aid of a witch doctor and propitiate the new gods. Anything that gives very great trouble is much more speedily found out to be grossly superstitious than a measure which entails no great labour, while at the same time, being of a very obvious and extensive character, it seems likely to be efficacious. The destruction of the house or village is of course intended to get rid of the dangerous proximity of the departed spirits, who according to the Laos and many other tribes, withdraw into a corner of the house where the death has occurred, and have a knack of making themselves extremely unpleasant unless they are well cared for. The Laos have an idea which is curiously at variance with the Western theories as to the habits of ghosts. The semi-Chinese tribe over that the spirits of dead men wander about during the day, but when night comes on retire to their homes in the most domestic possible way, for all the world as if they were good solid flesh and blood. Possibly this may be due to the difficulty of suddenly changing the habits they were accustomed to, whereas they existed upon earth in the bodies of men, and it may be only the new enfranchised spirits that act in this way, though I do not say so. The opponents of the destruction of villages to dispel the miasma have a very strong case in the argument that as long as the demons are in, the *tao* or *knows*, where they are, and is enabled to conciliate them with more or less success, whereas if they are ruthlessly exiled they wander about homeless and in an aggrieved state of mind, likely to be extremely dangerous to the helpless wights who have not the means of finding out where to propitiate them, however respectful their sentiments may be. It seems, therefore, that house-burning will shortly be altogether abandoned as selfish and antagonistic to the public welfare.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE DUKEDOM OF NORFOLK.

On the 28th of next June the Duke of Norfolk will complete its fourth century. According to "Burke," John, Lord Howard, was in 1482 made Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal of England; his eldest son, Thomas, being also created Earl of Surrey. The Duke attended the coronation of Richard III not only as Earl Marshal, but as High Steward of England, and he subsequently died Lord Admiral of England and Ireland.

His Grace did not long enjoy these honours; for in the following year he was slain at Bosworth Field in leading the van of Edward's army. It is probable that the 400th anniversary of the creation of the title will not be allowed to pass by quite unnoticed at Arundel and Sleaford. Readers of go-

signs Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall will remember how the then Duke, just 100 years old, intended to give at his Castle of Sandringham a grand entertainment to all the local descendants of the body of "Jockey of Norfolk," but was deterred by finding that in all probability some hundreds of persons would put in a claim to appear, and the contemplated festival was abandoned.

RECRUITING: BY ADVERTISEMENT.

The Broad Arrow, alluding to the practice which is being followed by Lord Hartington for advertising for recruits, says that in these advertisements young men are told that if they wish to enter the army they will be applied to any post office in the kingdom, and supplied with a large amount of a pamphlet containing detailed information on the subject. It is explained that the enlistment is for seven years with the colours, and five more supplied without charge on the part of the Reserve, the pay for the latter, where there are no dues to pay, being 6d. a day. By way of showing what steady men may look forward to it is stated that the army contains about five hundred commissioned officers, with pay varying from 9s. to 15s. a day, who have been promoted from the ranks, while there is an equal number of warrant officers receiving 6s. a day. Beyond these which may be regarded as the prices of the army—there are 33,000 non-commissioned officers with pay rates from 1s. 2d. to 5s. a day; and the great majority of these men have the right to serve on until they gain a pension. The pension, it is explained, is obtained after 21 years' service, and varies from 1s. 3d. to 4s. 6d. a day. The following application to enlist which the Post Office supplies is of a simple character; and a youth, who, having seen the War Office advertisement, and having read the pamphlet, desire to enter the army, can do so without any dealing with the public-house recruiting sergeants.

A TRAGIC GAME OF POKER.

I remember one time when we were on our way to New Orleans on a Mississippi river steamboat, Bill and I set up a game in the main saloon. The play used to be kept up pretty much all day, and sometimes we would win or lose several thousand dollars in a day. The game was at its brightest in the evening after dinner, when most of the boys were more or less full of wine, and were sometimes very heavy. Well, one night we were just going to sit down to the table, the lamps were lighted, and two new decks of cards were brought, and the two men commenced their terrible game. The score stood at four points on each side, when Count Z. turned the king. "You have won, sir," said young De Flotow rising. "I will pay before noon to-morrow." Next day he slept till eleven. After breakfast he took a turn in the facade of the ancestral mansion, after which he hid his face in his hands for a moment as if weeping. He then pulled out his watch; it wanted but five minutes of noon. M. de Flotow entered his study. At twelve precisely the report of a pistol shot the window-pane. He had punctually killed himself.—*St. James's Gazette*.

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